

I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,  
 Hath made me neerer her; and this beauteous Morn  
 (The prim<sup>st</sup> of all the yeare) presents me with  
 A brace of horses, two such Steeds might well  
 Be by a paire of Kings backt, in a Field  
 That their crownes titles tride: Alas, alas  
 Poore Cosen *Palamon*, poore prisoner, thou  
 So little dream'st upon my fortune, that  
 Thou think'st thy selfe, the happier thing, to be  
 So neerer *Emilia*, me thou deem'st at *Thebes*,  
 And therein wretched, although free; But if  
 Thou knew'st my Mistresse breath'd on me, and that  
 I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye; O Coz  
 What passion would enclose thee.

*Enter Palamon as out of a Bush, with his Shackles; bends  
 his fist at Arcite.*

*Palamon.* Traytor kinsman,  
 Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signes  
 Of prisonment were off me, and this hand  
 But owner of a Sword: By all othes in one  
 I, and the iustice of my love would make thee  
 A confest Traytor, o thou most perfidious  
 That ever gently look'd the voydes of honour.  
 That eu'r bore gentle Token; falsest Cosen  
 That ever blood made kin, call'st thou hir thine?  
 Ile prove it in my Shackles, with these hands,  
 Void of appointment, that thou ly'st, and art  
 A very theefe in love, a Chaffy Lord  
 Nor worth the name of villaine: had I a Sword  
 And these house clogges away.

*Arc.* Deere Cosen *Palamon*,

*Pal.* Cofoner *Arcite*, give me language, such  
 As thou hast shew'd me feate.

*Arc.* Not finding in  
 The circuit of my breast, any grosse stufte  
 To forme me like your blazon, holds me to  
 This gentleness of answer; tis your passion  
 That thus mistakes, the which to you being enemy,  
 Cannot to me be kind: honor, and honestie

I cherish, and depend on, how so ev'r  
 You skip them in me, and with them faire Coz  
 Ile maintaine my proceedings; pray be pleas'd  
 To shew in generous termes, your griefes, since that  
 Your question's with your equall, who professes  
 To cleare his owne way, with the mace and Sword.  
 Ofa true Gentleman.

*Pal.* That thou durst *Arcite*.

*Arc.* My Coz, my Coz, you have beene well advertis'd  
 How much I dare, y'ave seene me use my Sword  
 Against th'advise of feare: sure of another  
 You would not heare me doubted, but your silence  
 Should breake out, though i'th Sanctuary.

*Pal.* Sir,

I have seene you move in such a place, which well  
 Might iustifie your manhood, you were call'd (faire  
 A good knight and a bold; But the whole weeke's not  
 If any day it rayne: Their valiant temper  
 Men loose when they encline to trecherie,  
 And then they fight like compell'd Beares, would fly  
 Were they not tyde.

*Arc.* Kinsman, you might as well  
 Speake this, and act it in your Glasse, as to  
 His eare, which now disdaines you.

*Pal.* Come up to me,

Quit me of these cold Gyves, give me a Sword  
 Though it be rustie, and the charity  
 Of one meale lend me; Come before me then  
 A good Sword in thy hand, and doe but say  
 That *Emily* is thine, I will forgive  
 The trespassse thou hast done me, yea my life  
 If then thou carry't, and brave soules in shades  
 That have dyde manly, which will seeke of me  
 Some newes from earth, they shall get none but this  
 That thou art brave, and noble.

*Arc.* Be content,

Againe betake you to your hawthorne house,  
 With counsaile of the night, I will be here  
 With wholesome viands; these impediments

Will